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had confiscated the picture to the Holy Office on the ground that the artist had shown unwarrantable presumption in using the doubtful colors, since up to the time of his reception of the letter from the abbess, no one in Lisbon could possibly be certain that they were right in using white and blue for the Virgin's garments.

This much was overheard by the prisoner as the judge and secretary talked about the record to be made, and he now momentarily expected his dismissal. But he was doomed to disappointment. A shrouded figure stepped forward and whispered to the judge. Vieira heard only the reply.

"It is too late for to-day; let the prisoner be remanded."

#### ROCK AND RILL.

"INTO the sunshine out of shade!"  
The rill has heard the call,  
And babbling low, an answer made,—  
A laugh, 'twixt slip and fall.  
  
Out from her cradle-roof of trees,—  
Over the free, rough ground!  
The peaceful blue above she sees;  
The cheerful green around:  
  
A pleasant world for running streams  
To steal unnoticed through,  
At play with all the sweet sky-gleams,  
And nothing else to do!  
  
A rock has stopped the silent rill,  
And taught her how to speak:  
He hinders her; she chides him still;  
He loves her lisnings weak;  
  
And still he will not let her go:  
But she may chide and sing,  
And o'er him liquid freshness throw  
Amid her murmuring.  
  
The harebell sees herself no more  
Back from the stream nod gay;  
Yet never she such azure wore  
Till wept on by the spray.  
  
And many a woodland violet  
Stays charmed upon the bank,  
Her thoughtful blue eye brimming wet,  
The rock and rill to thank.  
  
The rill is blessing in her talk  
What half she held a wrong;  
The happy trouble of the rock  
That makes her life a song.

L. L.

LIFE is composed of few things indefinitely diversified, and is like the ringing of a great many changes on a small number of bells.—Olulow.

#### "GETTING ALONG."

We trudge on together, my good man and I,  
Our steps growing slow as the years hasten by;  
Our children are healthy, our neighbors are kind,  
And with the world round us we've no fault to find.

'Tis true that he sometimes will choose the worst way  
For sore feet to walk in, a weary, hot day;  
But then my wise husband can scarcely go wrong,  
And somehow or other, we're getting along.

There are soft summer shadows beneath our home-trees:  
How handsome he looks, sitting there at his ease!  
We watch the flocks coming when sunset grows dim,  
His thoughts on the cattle, and mine upon him.

The blackbirds and thrushes come chattering near;  
I love the thieves' music, but listen with fear:  
He shoots the gay rogues, I would pay for their song;  
We're different, sure; still, we're getting along.

He seems not to know what I eat, drink, or wear;  
He's trim and he's hearty, so why should I care?  
No harsh word from him my poor heart ever shocks;  
I wouldn't mind scolding—so seldom he talks.

Ah well! 'tis too much that we women expect!  
He only has promised to love and protect.  
See—I lean on my husband, so silent and strong:  
I'm sure there's no trouble; we're getting along.

Life isn't so bright as it was long ago,  
When he visited me amid tempest and snow,  
When he brought me a ribbon or jewel to wear,  
And sometimes a rosebud to twist in my hair.

But when we are girls, we can all laugh and sing;  
Of course, growing old, life's a different thing.  
My good man and I have forgot our May-song;  
Yet somehow or other, we're getting along.

'Tis true I was rich—I had treasures and land.  
But all that he asked was my heart and my hand.  
Though people do say it—"tis what they can't prove;  
"He married for money; she, poor thing! for love."

My fortune is his, and he saves me its care;  
To make his home cheerful's enough for my share.  
He seems always happy our broad fields among,  
And so we are quietly getting along.

With stocks to look after, investments to find,  
It's not very strange that I'm seldom in mind.  
He can't stop to see how my time's dragging on;  
And yet he would miss me if I should be gone.

Should he be called first, I must follow him fast,  
For all that's worth living for then will be past.  
But I'll not think of losing him; fretting is wrong,  
While we are so pleasantly getting along.

L. L.